Red River RATS ourlesy of the W MOLF PACK

THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi , need sort Who loves a fighter crew gloof die prolA She runs the Hanoi Hilton the beniot ew And she longs to welcome you. Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh He has a long goatee. And if you greet him nicely. He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds. And I'11 give you a hunch. I don't want to meet her family, Cause they're a nasty bunch. It's fish heads and rice for breakfast And fish heads and rice for teas But so long as they don't catch me, No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phanton, was now il Or you may fly a Thud, six o'ciock But if you fly to Hanoi, Better listen to me Bud. You may talk of girls in Bangkok, Or Los Angeles and such, But the yellow rose of Hanoi Saw . 11sh AIN Z'S Is just a bit too much. And we turned on our peas and you a green light He punched off our marks and we creaturate Red River Down Thud Aldge Just itchin' for a flight.

TZUZUNU

Ol' Ethan said they're West at 35 So we took separation and really looked alive of yiels stop on'I blac middle ne fi the hir lot is centared so I'm goads in

ac Jaan Jouris

Jolly:Green Hymani

Da Nang Lullabye Tune: Marine Hyan: Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in, lettures edi weri My God how the mortars roll in, roll in. Roll in, roll in, My God how the mortars roll in .esst: Saa eroton ku

I went off to Southeast Asia Till your milk To fight my own war in the air. I've spent half my tour in a bunker, I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat, Then have a beer when I return. I usually finish the first one. Before incoming rounds are hearding of abo

CHORUS:

Relate Olds is his name. Finiting Wics is his as Each morning we go off to combatio for a of At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain consist The Gyreens are up even sooner and absel sh To recapture the ramp at Da Nang. conificial Forty-five you've arrived. CHORUS: Co get auxber flys.

And now my tour is all over I'll resume the life that I led. My wife thinks that its rather silly, To put sandbags around our bed.

CHORUS:

Jolly Green Hymn:

Da Kang Lulisbys name Hymn: Sycallul gask SG

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

From the mountains of Mugia
To the plains of Uncle Ho.
Your Jolly Greens will grab you,
No matter where you go.
They will come in low across the trees,
With very little gas.
They will hang it out a mile, my boys,
To save your rosy ass.

You like the come in low across the trees,

They will hang it out a mile, my boys,
To save your rosy ass.

THE LETTER

Each day I go off to fly combot, Then have a bear when I return. I usually finish the first one. Defore incoming rounds arabiC midoR of abC

Robin Olds is his name.

Fighting MIGS is his game.

He's got big balls of brass.

He knocks MIGS on their ass.

He leads his Wolf Pack great,

Fighting, and fuck, shit, hate.

Forty-five you've arrived,

Go get number five.

And now my tour is all over I'll resume the life that I led. My wife thinks that its rather sailly, To put sandbags around our bed.

G1040151

The Battle of the Red River Valley
Tune: The Battle of New Orleans

From Ubon, Thailand we took a little trip Along with Robin Olds in a Phantom 4 ship We joined with the tanker and we took a little gas Then pressed up North For to kick the Commies' ass

shot their SAM Missiles
And they sent up their MIGS where
the flak couldn't go
They tried like hell to knock down
the Phantoms
They tried to the top of Thud Ridge to the

Ol' Robin said, We can take 'em by surprise "We'll attack from above and cut 'em down to size Just follow my example and they'll fall like a rock

Sector listen to me Bud. Pour may talk of girls in Banglos,

Well, we tuned our AIM-9's and we tuned our

And we turned on our pods and got a green light We punched off our tanks and we crossed the Red River

Down Thud Ridge just itchin' for a fight.

UNURUS:

Ol' Ethan said they're West at 35
So we took separation and really looked alive
Then Robin said I've got a Tally Ho
The Air Dot is centered so I'm gonna let 'em go

CHORUS: (Continued next page)

-2

The Battle of Red River Valley - continued

Well the missiles went ballistic and was Robin ever pissed.

CHORUS:

Gefoos clawling acloss the cold hare flour, Flied lice cooking on the stove. Tee Lucks kissing meath the mistle toe; It's Melly Climas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss, Garlie breath gets in my may, "C's roasting in an mapaim firs. Waily Cliemas Uncle. Ho.

Uripples linging down a small side strast, Hapelm rising at Meir I , a minimum of I dronped it low, but they went too slow, Welly Clismas dwar Ho,

> WG making love near rice paddy, Tee lucks eyes are all aglow. Twenty mike-mikes'up his ass; Tee Luck acreasing go, go, go.

Welf Pack sends greetings from old Adbin Olds, Chapple joined him over there, We'll carry bn, the stars will be bright, Over Uban Ejachtani tooibit... Battle Hymn of the 85mm Gunner
. Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republicase By Take

Mine eyes have seen the Gloyr of the coming of the force

And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed till he is hoarse.

"Go out and man your guns my boys you have a job
to do"
The Thuds are coming in. To yours guiller on

CHORUS: Gory, gory what a helluva way to die Gory, gory what a helluva way to die Gory, gory what a helluva way to die

I don't what to fight no more in each

No-1-viebsī II , sei smiss

reo, no pio ano-i-vinhil il assi

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun I stand.

We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense of this land.

But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I call grand.

The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit And smoke and dust and arms and legs; don't like it one damn bit.

If they miss me this last time I think that I shall quit.

The Thuds are coming in.

CHCRUS &

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell Each day they scare us pissless in a way we know so well

Our Commie Satin he stand up; you hear that bastard yell

The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

-3-

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

19 Alyana of the Stems Salasan

We've been working on the railroad Every fucking day. We've been working on the railroad; Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad, No rolling stock or switches, But Seventh frags us on the railroad, Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAM's galore, 57's too, 85's will scragg your old Yazoo! Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge, Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac, Shouting on the radio. To goldano ere count cett.

Shouting, Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh, oh Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh Only 99 more to go.

And smoke and drat and usus est less, one sike. I this wind i enit test whit en eain wont it shall gult.

www. w year a pi ceelssio se araba yens vsb nodi

Der Louise Stein he stand und vou leet Stand

The Image are count int

in the bases Ite lines are commented

#1 Clismas Song

rama men filo ant and the town water ago felige though Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire, Bull frogs singing in the choir, Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho, It's Melly Clismas you know.

To Battle or End River Valley' - continued

Geicos clawling acloss the cold bare floor, Flied lice cooking on the stove, Tee Lucks kissing neath the mistle toe, It's Melly Climas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss, Garlic breath gets in my way, VC's roasting in an napalm fire. Melly Clismas Uncle.Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street, Napalm rising at their feet, I dropped it low, but they went too slow, Melly Clismas dear Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy, Tee Lucks eyes are all aglow, Twenty mike-mikes up his ass, Tee Luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds, Chappie joined him over there, We'll carry on, the stars will be bright, Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight...

The Happy Refueleriess) seed lies eds to produce Tune: The Happy Wanderer

Each day we go a wandering and word lief off Along your tanker track.

And invert tells us with a smile; self sest self of yest You passed them ten miles back. College or yest

CHORUS: Breakaway, breakaway, is ed!

Breakaway: -- ' xis end odni lior li'l

Breakaway, breakaway lisant eds bnides

We hear the boomers cry, of mid sel bna

The 52's will win the war

We gather from reportsbeepens simplif tends no notes to the state one little tanker crewish notice to the for a wing of Stratoforts. The state of t

We deploy across the seascoart and and and and and to lands both near and far-seive it of the both Your navigator pleads with us

To tell him where we arese has yabor elited en the ent in acre liow ent

CHORUS:

If you weren't here to fight the war I heard a pilot said This would a boring job We'd never cross the Red

CHORUS:

Song of the fack Fack tune the Green Beret In The Green Beret Miders In The Green Beret 10 The States In The State

Hey there fella, in the green beret, to stalle do After this day you can truly say their ent of oo That ole Charlie died in the blast of notation soll And the Mini gun has saved your assessold out of

CHORUS: Escalators of the war, a guid bas call of As the afterburners roar. As the afterburners roar. Air Force flyers of the sky, same edt all Charlie Cong, prepare to die.

Paratroopers with sining boots; insel nuo ysiq of Funny clothes and silk parachutes, is senione and The average troop, so young and fair, aye nuo book When there's trouble, they call for Air no ex'est

The forces of the foe Than CHORUS: :SURCHO

Stout leg soldiers on the ground, Watching centuries fly around, Shot sites of Keep you head turned to the sky of the line and That's why today you did not die.

CHORUS:

We cycle through the tanker The tension startscito rise We go to meet our desciny

Hey there sailor on the sea, size and ni political.

Bow you head, it's the F-4C. The are the enut and
While ole Charlie goes up in smoke, desire and and
Drink up Swabbie and finish you coke. at and Tho

CHORUS:

Watch our Charlie, check you "six" sixsed ried!
There's a napalm cocktail, here's the mixer vent
For we are out to get your ass, id also seen of
And leave it there in the elephant gasse or year

CHORUS:

As any fool can tell.
They dare to face the Wolf Pack
se'll choot them clear to helf

Continuen dext page

-5-

Song of the Wolf Pack
Tune Ghost Riders In The Sky

hey there fells, in ab-Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack After this day you co Go to the briefing room That ole Charism old The mission is a good one And the Mini our -To the MIGS it will mean doom We're going up to Hanoi CHURUS: Escalators To Kep and Phuc Yen too As the offer To write our bloody record Air Force In the annals of the blue Charlie Cong, Frepare to die.

We take off in our Phantoms
To play our deadly cards
The engines make our thunder
And our eyes are steely hard
We're on the way to battle
The forces of the foe
We're certain to destroy them
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills cosed boy cash.

The Wolf Pack in the sky
sib son old way yabot yaw a sail

We cycle through the tanker

The tension starts to rise

We go to meet our destiny

Awaiting in the skies

We tune and arm our missiles

As we streak across the black

Our boss is in the forefront

Leading the Wolf Pack

We're showing on their radar
Their hearts are full of hate
They rise to meet the challenge
To meet their bloody fate
They're headed for disaster
As any fool can tell
They dare to face the Wolf Pack
We'll shoot them clear to hell

Song of the Wolf Pack (Continued) Tune: The Happy Wandarer We battle today, and make our kills The Wolf Pack in the Sky book 5 og at yeb does Alono your tanker track. Wolf Pack lead says "Contact" | Lead Tream | Dr. | They're MIGS, a flight of two to see to see usi I'm too close for the sparrow The sidewinder will do and seemed 12070160 I'll roll into the six o'clock Behind the trailing MIG And let him have a missile Just like a fiery GMG The B2's.will win the wa-Oh other flights engaged more MIGS Hot action filled the air The Wolf Pack's lust was sated Before heading for their lair The enemy won't soon forget The awesome deadly toll As the 8th Wing troops return to base And make their victory rolls iour hevicator pleads with us

We battle today and make our kills The Wolf Pack in the sky.

If you weren't here to fight the wer I heard a pilot said
This would a boring job
We's never cross the Red

: BURDIO.

electo:

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Continued next page

Our leaders

Tune: Wansan

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jooks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat,
We get Colonels on our back,
And every time we say shit hot,
Or whistle in the bar,
We have to answer to senepody,
Looking for a star.

CHORUS: Our leaders, our leaders
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bulishit, it's bulishit,
Lt's bulishit they feed us svery day.

Today we had a hot one,
And the jooks were scared as hell.
They can to meet watch a been,
Find raid that we were swell,
But heoce told the D.D.A.
And said we missed a heir,
thow we'll been all kinds of hell,
From wheels at Sevent, Air.

: PUIDED

They send us out in hunches, in home a bridge and die, These tectics are for borbers, That our leaders used to fig. The Big Pictures evades us. And that is way I guess We have to leave our thinking To the wheels in J.C.S.

: ZUROID

(Continue)

Wolf Pack Fighting Song
Tune: Cornell Song

Contact joy stick back
Roaring thru the blue.
We are the men of the Great Eighth Wing and Fighters tried and true
We are the heroes of the night of all lew To hell with the Commies' might of all lew Bold brave Wolf Pack
Defenders of the right as your caldiance TO Defenders of the right evast of evant wad?

Drink a toast to all the Wolf Pack Jans of To those daring men
May they always win the battle
Live to fight again

For we are rulers of the blue no s'ed rod MIG killing, wrecking crew land ed of Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight of vil ew encies Fighting Wolf Pack true.

He has to get permission from Filght Leader L.S.J.

#BURDED

-8-7-

Our Leaders
Tune: Manana

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat,
We got Colonels on our back,
And every time we say shit hot,
Or whistle in the bar,
We have to answer to somebody,
Looking for a star.

CHORUS: Our leaders, our leaders
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one,
And the jocks were scared as hell,
They ran to meet us with a beer,
And said that we were swell,
But Recce told the D.D.A.
And said we missed a hair,
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell,
From wheels at Seventh Air.

CHORUS:

They send us out in bunches,
To bomb a bridge and die,
These tactics are for bombers,
That our leaders used to fly.
The Big Pictures evades us,
And that is way I guess
We have to leave our thinking
To the wheels in J.C.S.

CHORUS:

(Continued)

Our Leaders (Continued)

The J.C.S. are generals,
And they're not always right,
Sometimes they have to think it over,
Well in to the night.
When they have a question,
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgement
To that money saving Mac.

Me they sineye win the bettle

Wolf Pack Righting Sons

CHORUS:

Now Mac's job is in danger,
For he's on salary too.
To be the final say so,
I something he can't do.
Before we fly the mission,
And everythings O.K.
He has to get permission
From Flight Leader L.B.J.

CHORUS:

-7-8-

A Pilot In A Tall Tree
Tune: The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas of torus

My C. O. gave to me

A Pilot in a tall tree The public ore prof

On the second day of Christmas and a series nearly My C. O. gave to me more and tray series I Two big GAM's and a pilot in a tall tree

On the third day of Christmas we pla breed i My C. O. gave to me ve more agains and a log of it.

Three fuel tanks and is more been not thou Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree; an and ad bise of

On the fourth day of Christmas of the I bnA
My C. O. gave to me
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

On the fifth day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
---Five---MIG's -- to -- chase
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

On the sixth day of Christmas My C. O. gave to me
Six SAM's a singing
--Five--MIG's -- to -- chase
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

(Continued)

A Pilot in a Tall Tree (Continued)

tempie de 17

On the seventh day of Christmas My C. O. gave to me Seven days of rest Six SAM's a singing yes assessed whit describe --Five--MIG's -- to -- chase of point il yed? Four GAR Eights ontop at I down at leas yet Three fuel tanks it has yeth of Just ucy if of Stay and fight alone. Two big GAM's And a pilot in a tall tree istored because at I Alill live to come bett som other dry, On the eighth day of Christmas and gass of My C. O. gave to me an Tol Two IL House but Eight Seven-Fifties TESTTOGGLE TEST & JEUG ET I Seven days of rest Six SAM's a singing --Five--MIG's -- to -- chase Four GAR Eights Three fuel tanks Training Training Two big GAM's and svall as value vit least

And a pilot in a tall tree.

Liscave aid bourse pointed via

Lord on the calculation of the contract of the calculation of the

-9-

1

AFILE in t Jall Tree (Continues)

Flak Showers

Tune: April Showers

My C. G. gave to me serven cove of the serven cove of the serven

dast in avab maved

gasta was it -- a Dillangi Ham

Although flak showers may come your way,
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel in BINGO, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight you may
Stay and fight alone.
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see."

You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot

Tune: My Eyes Have Seen the Glory

By thering around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier.

You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear.

You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps

You can tell a fighter jockey, but you cannot tell him much:

Big Eye

Tune: You Are My Sunshine

You are my Big Eye, my only Big Eye,
You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Hanoi
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other days boys, as I was flying, I heard Big Eye Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Hanoi, Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact,
And I believed him like a dope,
I flew to Hanoi - and still no bogie,
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my Big Eye, my only Big Eye, How could you let me down this way? My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin' Won't you take that Big Eye away?

> on <mark>O. f. pave come</mark> ---£j.ze---LIC's -- t. -- chase cour Call Etgins

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-- 10-

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea I was out on a recce to see what I could see. When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand,

It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad

It was sad when my napalm went down (hit
the farmer)
There were husbands and wive.
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when the napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see.
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go.
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad

It was sad when those rockets went down
(hit the steeple)

All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thi Nugen when I knew that I was through The 37's & 57's had shot my turbine through. It was when I hit the silk-Ch, my God, I strained my milk:

It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit
the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that pilot went down.

Beside a Vietnam waterfall
One bright and sunny day believe as roupil ent
Beside his shattered fighter as as red ent bra
A young pursuitor lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words aid no xoad bra
This young pursuitor said:

This young pursuitor said:

This young pursuitor said:

The parachute hung from a nearby tree

This young pursuitor said:

The parachute hung from a nearby tree

This young pursuitor said:

This young pursuitor said:

Where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
There's poker every night
There's not a fucking thing to do
But sit around and sing
Where girls are really women
Ch, death where is thy sting?"

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass Better days are coming by and by.

The liquor was spilled on the bar room floor, Reside a Wietnes waterill And the bar was closed for the night, When out of a hole came a little brown mouse And sat in the pale moonlight He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor And back on his haunches he sat And all night long you could hear him roar: "Bring on that God Damned Cat"

> -best wested a or paice of the Where everything is right Energ whiskey flows from teleoraph poles There's poker every night There's not a fucking thing to do But sit around and sind messa vilser era altip etena On, death where is thy stine?"

Oh, death where is they sting-a-ling Con death where is they sting? poil-z-poil-s-poir libw flad fo elled eat For you but not for us....so:

Ting-a-ling-s-ling, ling; blos 12-out your ass Ting-a-lingsating; blow to out your ses Ting-a-ling seling, ling, blow it out your eseem Better days are coning by and by.

Whiffenpoof Tune: Good Sidp Titanic

From a hootch in Southeast Asia I To the place where aces dwell To the bars in old home base We know so well Ale new. It was sad when my napale mean town.

See the fighter jocks assemble With their glasses raised on high In a toast to a comrade who just fell

We will throw our glasses wildly And throw our bombs as well Til the finks at 7th Air Force go to hell.

We are poor fighter jocks who Have lost our way, help, help, help .00 We flew to the town of Hanoi today, help, help,

Steely eyed pilots up in the blue Lead got zapped by a SA-2 Let's hawl ass or he'll get us too AB now. If was sed when those rockers went dam.

It was up by Thi Nugen when I knowshel I was through The 31's & 57's had shot my turbine through. it were when I hit the silk-Oh, my God, I strained

It was sad when that mile; went down.

Co AUS: It was sad. oh, it was sad 2 - The prop from fatin folds gode, bas ase fi the bottom)

There were husbands and waves tery bitty that free lost their lives it was sad when that pilot went down."

Air Corps Lament Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky.

With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly.

But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by.

The Air Force has gone to Hell.

Here I I we under the unescape. CHORUS: Glory--flying regulations have them read at every station Crucify the man who breaks them The Air Force has gone to Hell escribbane ve in the early early end

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong.

A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong. Wished to him to help of

But now it's only memory, it only lives in song. The Air Force has gone to Hell-

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame...

I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name slane salabase market

But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads

Their spirits shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living

And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring

But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations

Their technique's gone to Hell.

CHORUS: 3 Continued next page

Air Corps Lament (Continued) Amend agreed mid

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the

Liberators, too, Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails

in the blue.
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,

And we can't fly them for Hell.

Have you ever citabed a Phanton up to : suspin

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel, ... ob or boiled powders

The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feet, have seen select both

But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin', groanin' squeal,

And it will not climb for Hell.

CHORUS: 25 1 79 W somet Aller oil ten reve colle

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song

About the wild blue yonder in the days when

men were strong. A shop and your als soll But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong.

The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS: TWOY devoil toling ym elider elige fus

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game. We want at work filt bod bod

We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame.

The All force file new worth But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame, description -- vroid :202020 Our spirit's shot to Hellwoo made can

or established our entrement

A serious del boda Continued next page.

Air Corps Lament Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

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With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly butter east our classic base

But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by.

The Air Force has gone to Hell.

Here I lay under the seed too. CHORUS: Glory--flying regulations have them read at every station Crucify the man who breaks them The Air Force has gone to Hell | 938T This the farnette out of my sounding.

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong.

A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong. The wood to like a selection and

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CHORUS: The craft of the craft

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CHORUS: Continued next page Air Corps Lament (Continued)

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too,

Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrailsin the blue.

But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew. And we can't fly them for Hell.

CHORIES of que mother of bedelle reve way eyel Thurs at

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel, at about being processed

The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feet, the same if now and has

But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin*, groanin' squeal,

And it will not climb for Hell.

CHORUSITES A media except justive mib deep seve cold

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song, I have entitle on even I , asiA

About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong.

But now we're closely supervised for fear we may

The Air Force has gone to Hell.

Git saile while my pilot, though your agnormation . daw se ilite

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game.

We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our

But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame, es escrib on -- Arold 120/0000 Our spirit's shot to Hellero many qua

CHORUS a of seins sent you entre barone Continued next page

Air Corps Lament (Continued)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap, We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap, But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that

And we can't fly then for you

I do to to call on like I box

wet with dew.

seria edi ni Or you will burn in Hell. eno ខែកាត់ខ្លែកប្រៀង ។ ប្រើបំព័ម្ធិការ ខេត្តការ កាល វាប់ប្រើ

CHORUS:

Have you ever climbed a Phantom up to where the air is thin?

Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear the screaming din?

Have you tried to do it lately? Bette not -- you ll auger in. And then you'll sure catch Hell.

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old.

When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold".

Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old. કર્યું છે માટે માટે જવા લગ્યું સમય

The Air Force has gone to Hell. The come can you see the transfer to be always a court of a see won but

CHORUS:

The War Ecree has wome to Holl. But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may

do vercena.

still be wet, Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set.

And God will show us how to buzz and roll and Tue really let

The Air Force fly like Hell.

CHORUS: Glory -- no more regulations, Rip them down at every station, Ground the guy that tries to make one And let us fly like Hell.

Bosom Buddies . Alt To remy a with a const

A fighter pilot lay dying The medics had left him for dead Around him women were crying And these are the words that he said:

But seem these boosts on against a seem were the Mhy did I join the Air Force? Mother, dear Mother knew best. Here I lay under the wreckage, An F-4 all over my chest.

Take the dive brakes out of my kidneys. Take the buckets out of my brain. Take the throttle out of my shinbone, And assemble that Phanton again.

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky. Bosom buddies while boozin' we are the lads that they send out to die; Bosom buddies while boozin'

> There in the hangar they sing and they shout

Ar Porps Lenent - 🕽

They talk about things they know nothing

nedasic jack We are the boys who fly high in the sky. Bosom buddies while boozin'

But how they fife sississ and beng their beads .esmode di Their spirits shot to Hell.

enivil s deputation eretrophed Designa Tieds well year

hell of flek. Sur now they all play Find Pong in the Sperations

> Ever technique's gone to Hell. Continued next page

- 201 E - 18 NOV 71

I Wanted Wings

Professional Profession I wanted wings till I got the God Damn things Now I don't want them anymore. Some of them but They taught me how to fly, And they sent me here to die, I've had a bellyful of war, You can save those God Damn zeros for the God Damn You will be soon sinking to be a feel or the Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses om of parts Do no compensate for losses -- Buster adibase all

CHORUS: I wanted wings till I got the God Damn things Now I don't want them anymore. And monopolitically 12 Section 125

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames, Air combat spelled romance, but it made me wet my pants. I'm not a fighter I have learned You can save those messers chmitzes For the other sons of bitches Cause I'd rather --- a woman than be shot down by a Grumman. -- Buster

CHORUS:

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY That's for the eager not for me I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck After I've crashed into the sea Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top With my hand around a bottle, not around a God Damn throttle -- Buster

CHUMUS:

Continued fact beca

Children of the control of the control I Wanted Wings (Continued), 2008 as way had .

version of being to equal sail.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr Flak always makes my loose my lunch I get no hey-hey when they holler bombs away were il I'd rather be home with the bunch there are real way Now there's one thing you can't laugh off that is? When they shoot your ---- off. origosnoe rucy sident Oh, I'd rather come home buster, with my ----than with a cluster, -- Busteri-visain & vil mov 32 You will never boller no more.

CHORUS:

For your lot we do not sine - in- - miE ne nedi teiisd eiti I don't fly for fun in a P-dash five crash one Blazing a patch for Patton's tank My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance. ela-vidită de vil vov 11 I'd rather go to Paris and spend France The wor In England it was blitzes and in France it is some Messerschmitzes Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my --- starts to pucker -- sucker

CHORUS:

and with some both tringency city. They fed us lousy chow but we stayed alive somehow. On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew; the low box box What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating On that day I'll tell the coach I'm through Oh, I really love my bumpin and I like to do my Ti pumpin, auto ant sentar ou oc stock with hunks of powder - Buster people of ac 11 you

. CHORUS:

If yourfly a lor-

testing tree termited

If You Fly

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
G.E. ain t here to stay.

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be dear, dumb and blind
For you life aim t worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow up time?

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler no more,
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

eno nearco evillo da e

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bounching those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

i elected tol duran a calsaff

SUCKET -- SUCKEY

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102

Don't go up unless its blue

For if you feel one drop of rain

You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

If You Fly (Continued)

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the wings don't last
But golly it sure does fly fast

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick

ein of wred an idea vadi ins

erin Botagan eeda aves kas est

demonial to ence teads of the

Timen. - Jurièr

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phanton two
You're flying days will soon be through
It flies at twice the speed of sound
If you can get it off the ground

Caromone Dedr Sept I and I will

CHORUS:

The Russ value to dis in a deposed cid PBY

Include the easter and decided up in a duck

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Continued next page

Themself of the product is the

On Top Of Old Thud Ridge Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey to Hale I.

On top of old Thud Ridge All covered with flak I lost my poor wing man

CHORUSE

He'll never get back stew sixty passey lie notem I And I were a woodsnamilities it that

For flying is a pleasure And dying a grief. And a quick triggered Commie Is worse than a thiefered sirily among lib naive I

For a thief will just rob you And take all you save But a quick triggered Commie Will send you to the grave itip group lie daiw I wish send its rouge bil more a staw I bod

And I were a mason I'd lay tham in style

The grave will decay you And turn you to dust Not a Commie in a thousand Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather Keeps the ships down All day we can hear this Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots Now listen to this There'll be a short meeting That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures Then give us some more. But we have all heard them Twenty-five times or more.

On Top Of Old Thud Ridge (Continued) side in the I antidad ped main does to 1 bas abud a stem I bas Now listen you trainees

You can't fight the group pairway flor ab sedanal Whatever they tell you are pel moy flor in Is superfluous poop.

I wish all young ciric were time search of the I Now the moral of this story a rather man a seem I bod. Is easy to see CHORUS: Don't go to Haiphong Or old Quang Khe

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple And I were a bot there'd be more bats than people

BUSCHO

I wish all young girls were like mountain road passes seese rient lis trud b'I tet simoge & syew I so

t wish all young piris erem siris poucy lie dairy I esided Tient dallog a'l nelewet s erem I bait

:002000

I wish all young girls wore like 5-29's and I were a Fighter pilot, I'd burz their behinds

CHORUSI

I wish ell young girls were like strewberry patches And I were a fammer I'd narvest their ensiches.

I wish all young girls were like fish in a goot And I sere a short with a water proof tool.

sees for incultant

Continued next page

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits. And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits eschists nov matche will

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over Oh roll your leg over, it's better than way Leona avoulimento 42

I wish all young girls were like statues of Venus And I were a man with a petrified penus

CHORUS:

Is seen to see Don't de to Haiphone ed onsid bio to

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mountain road passes And I were a sports car I'd buzz all their asses

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like diamonds and rubies And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like B-29's and I were a Fighter pilot, I'd buzz their behinds

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like strawberry patches And I were a farmer I'd harvest their snatches.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like fish in a pool. And I were a shark with a water proof tool.

CHORUS:

Continued next page

Roll Your Leg Over (Continued)

I wish all young girls were like fish in the ocean And I were a wave I'd show them the motions.

CHORUS:

Ail covered with flok

erussely a blocky! tof

• ayas bot liseasisi bit

For a thief will just rop you

Linion & notice forth

echifichult bly to sot mo

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest And I were a woodsman I'd split their Clitoris

CHORUS:

a ingres of the second I wish all young girls were like bricks in a pile And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

CHORUS:

water will be a minimum bright to the Bold of the I wish all young girls were like mares in a stable And I were a groom I'd mount all I was able

CHORUS:

wardings bed edd owns lift nvoj solos sus vije A All less for can hear this

ibruja e ich mol

THE VICE STATE OF THE PERSON ASSESSED.

the east's at the Control

Attention all pilots eids of netail with onideem drofe s ed il areal ".asim for east nov isaf

inay 11 giv de come lectures .erom suce la cala didi ment orage lis even contes Legion application for the contraction

rosa Sten beunitneD

CHORUS: Oh, I don't want to be a pilot I don't want to go to war Just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground

Livin' off the earnings of me high born

Monday I touched her on the ankle, Tuesday I touched her on the knee, Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress, Thursday her chemise I did see, Now, Friday I put my hand on it, Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up 'er And now she earns me seven and six a week, cor' blimey

CHORUS:

I don't want a bullet up me arse hole, I don't want me buttocks shot away. I just want to stay in England, in jolly, jolly England: And fornicate me bloody life away.

CHORUS:

Send out the members of the home guard They'll keep England free You can send out your brother, your sister and your mother But for God sakes don't send me

AIR FORCE SONG

RED RIVER VALLEY

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder Climbing high, into the sun Here they come zooming to meet our thunder At 'em boys; give her the gun. Down we dive, spouting our flame from under. Off with one hell of a roar, We live in fame, or go down in flame, Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the vastness of the sky. To a friend we send a message of His brother men who fly, We drink to those who gave their all of old As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the U. S. Air Force. and the december of the base of the

Further round who are kulture of the first

Charles als of Man will to present the

the last to sell the option of the

In the search with the state of the search was Tens her with the death the state of White he canell a cristie in the valley no sew a first that he could tell sharp in for the chart, for the car the carpain the national seasons. The carbon the carpain the national seasons and the carbon th

Ot, he there the the toward the target, the mis interpretation and the property of the last the state of the last t Aut down with he too be but tower on the I'was fatal with another TEAK lows.

दे Come बार्य की है है जिस कि को देश के कि कार क We will situate and tickle the beads, Fig. 12V seven bed eas of the section to the con-

RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying,
And he never saw the medal that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valley,
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're going to the Red River Valley,
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley,
That the MIG's and the missiles we don't need.
So fly high and down sun in the valley.
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley, And the briefing that I gave you don't heed, They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton, And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,
In the states it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
Towas the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

When he came to a bridge in the valley, He saw a duty that he couldn't shun, For the first to roll in on the target, Was my leader old TEAK number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target, With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead, But he never pulled out of his bomb, run, T'was fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefing, We will sit there and tickle the beads, For we're going to the Red River Valley, And my call sign today is TEAK lead. CAURUS: On, I don't want to be a pilet
I don't want to go to war
'Just want to have amound Riccadilly
on the ground
Livin' off the carologs of me high born
lawy.

Manday I touched her on the analegactory I touched her on the kneed and cases a success I lifted up her dress.

Luxually her charise I old ere, a sewell and the application on the search of the case he balls a theak, tweek, tweek it was butter turper I showed one old boy up tended now and earns as seven and six a meek, cort butter

desit wanters but is a up as expended.

I considerate ne buttocks that shay.

Loter want to stay in England, in joily, jolly had fountiate me bloody life away.

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Send out the members of the hone guard They'll keep angland free You ben send out your brother, your slater and your mother How God sakes don't send me

-20-